SEX CRIMINALS 18: TOTEMS

FRACTION
ZDARSKY

PREVIOUSLY IN

SEX CRIMINALS

ugh those fucking little men

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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This book is dedicated to wanting you to want me

MEANWHILE, LAST ISSUE:
"Love" Ma
24/43 some supplies
BRIGHT IDEA
LIGHTING SOLUTIONS FOR THE ENCROACHI
SINCE 2014
HT IDEAS
ACHING DARKNESS
BRIGHT
LIGHTING SOLUTIONS FO
Oh my.
GOODBO
COOL OLDER BROTHER
SWEETIE STEVE
Oh my.
GOODBO
"Love" Makers
uh
I got you something.
GOODBO
"Love" Makers

Was that...
Was that okay?
Yeah, fine. Great.
I mean, we're here, aren't we? Mission accomplished.
No, I mean...
Is there... is there anything you want to do?
That we haven't, I mean.
In bed.
Yes.
No.
You?
Yes.
Nope. No.
No.
There.
We believe that, right?
Yup.
Totally sexually satisfied and comfortable talking about this stuff.
Totally totally comfortable.
Not weird at all.

"So, like, here's a thing."
I, uh, I dream about this thing a lot. A place. I dream about this place.
A room. A red room.
And, like, I know what it is, where it comes from.
I was in a place like it once.
And, like, maybe I wasn't thrilled to be there, or maybe I wasn't proud of myself for being there, or whatever.
It wasn't a good room, right?
But, like, I see it in my head sometimes, I feel like I'm there.
It's the room, but it's not the room. It's a dream.
I only go when I feel bad about stuff, though.
That probably doesn't mean anything, right?
Are you fucking kidding me?
"Jon... what do you want?
"Because I'm not sure you're sure."

I... what?
"What do you need?"
Because I'm looking at a guy standing in a space and he has no fucking clue.
I, uh, I want James Sherman to give me his sandwich.
Your objective. Tell me what exactly you—what does William Howard Taft need?
No, no. That's your motivation in the scene.
"I-am-not-throwing-away-my-snacks."
Right?
No, no, look—
In the other play we're doing, Hulch: Turn Off Dark, in any given scene, Hulch simply wants to "smash," yes...
But overall, across the span of the whole play...
Hulch needs to turn off dark.
Do you see?
"There are the things you want.
"And the things you need. And this whole story—
"I mean, of Taft: An Americanadian Edutainment—
"Is about what you need, what the woman you love needs, and the obstacles in the way.
Mm. You okay?
"And if you don't know what that is..."

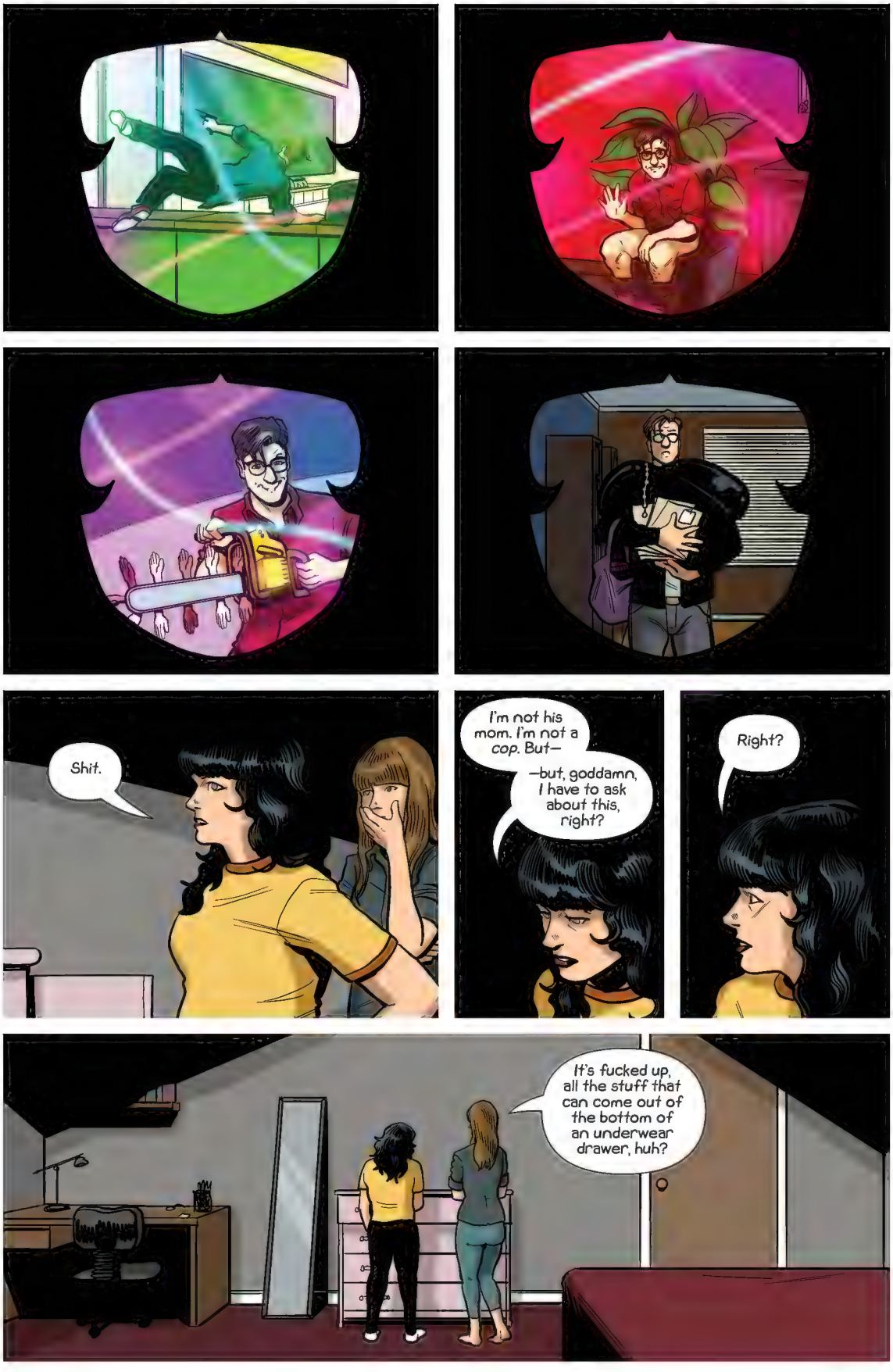
Just a bad dream.
It's okay.
Go back to sleep.
Anything you want to talk about?
Just.
Just Kegelface.
Ugh, her.
So glad we're done with her.
So glad she's out of our lives.
Yeah.
I'm not thinking about him.

Goddammit, this isn't working.
This isn't working, and I'm not thinking about him.
I'm not thinking about him.
Tautologically iffy, but it's true.
I'm not—
God damn it!
—I bet he has a car. I bet—
—wonder if he's a car guy—
SON OF A BITCH!
—probably not—
ALL FLOWERS, ZERO STEMS, GUARANTEED.
THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED GODDAMN DOLLARS?!?
You know who has money?
BANKCORP BC
SAVINGS NOT MUCH
CHECKING HA HA
LINE OF CREDIT LIKE YOU HAVE THAT
TOTAL BALANCE WHAT ARE YOU, JOKING?
THANK YOU BANKCORP HAS YOUR MONEY SUCK A DICK, DUMMY
Doctors have money.
BANKCORP
Don't.
Don't think about him.
APPLETOWN SEXXXPORGASCON
A CELEBRATION OF FAP CULTURE
SHAKE HANDS WITH THE BEST IN PORN CULTURE—PAST & PRESENT—WITH THE VERY HAND YOU JERK TO THEM WITH!
SATURDAY the 25th, 6-9 ha ha just kidding it's 9-5
$60 GENERAL ADMISSION
$200 "ALL HOLES ACCESS"
note: there is no access to any holes
A CREEPY NEAL INC. PROMOTION
Don't you fucking do it.

Hello, is this Creepy Neal?
Creepy Neal, it's Jazmine. How've you been, baby?
Old Porn Shit + Meemaw's Oil Lamps
Jazmine.
From the club. From the movies.
Wow, that many Jazmines, huh?
Jazmine St. Cocaine.
Yeah, Jazmine St. Cocaine. How you been, Creepy Neal?
Wow, yep. Still creepy. So hey...
Old Porn Shit + Meemaw's Oil Lamps
Saw this poster the other day, for some kind of porn convention?
Performers can go to that, right? Old performers, sign shit for money?
Old Porn Shit + Meemaw's Oil Lamps
Trapped in a world she never laid.
JAZMINE ST. COCAINE
Who am I, Juanita Wick? No I'm not "back," I just need some scratch.
I was teaching at a university.
Fuck you.
I was. I WAS.
Creepy Neal, of the hundred and fifty million fake jobs I could've said if I needed to come up with one, why would I choose college—
—Look, can I come sign dumb shit for a bunch of jerkoffs for money this weekend or what?
Sorry, "memorabilia" shit for a bunch of jerkoffs.
"Will you wear this?"

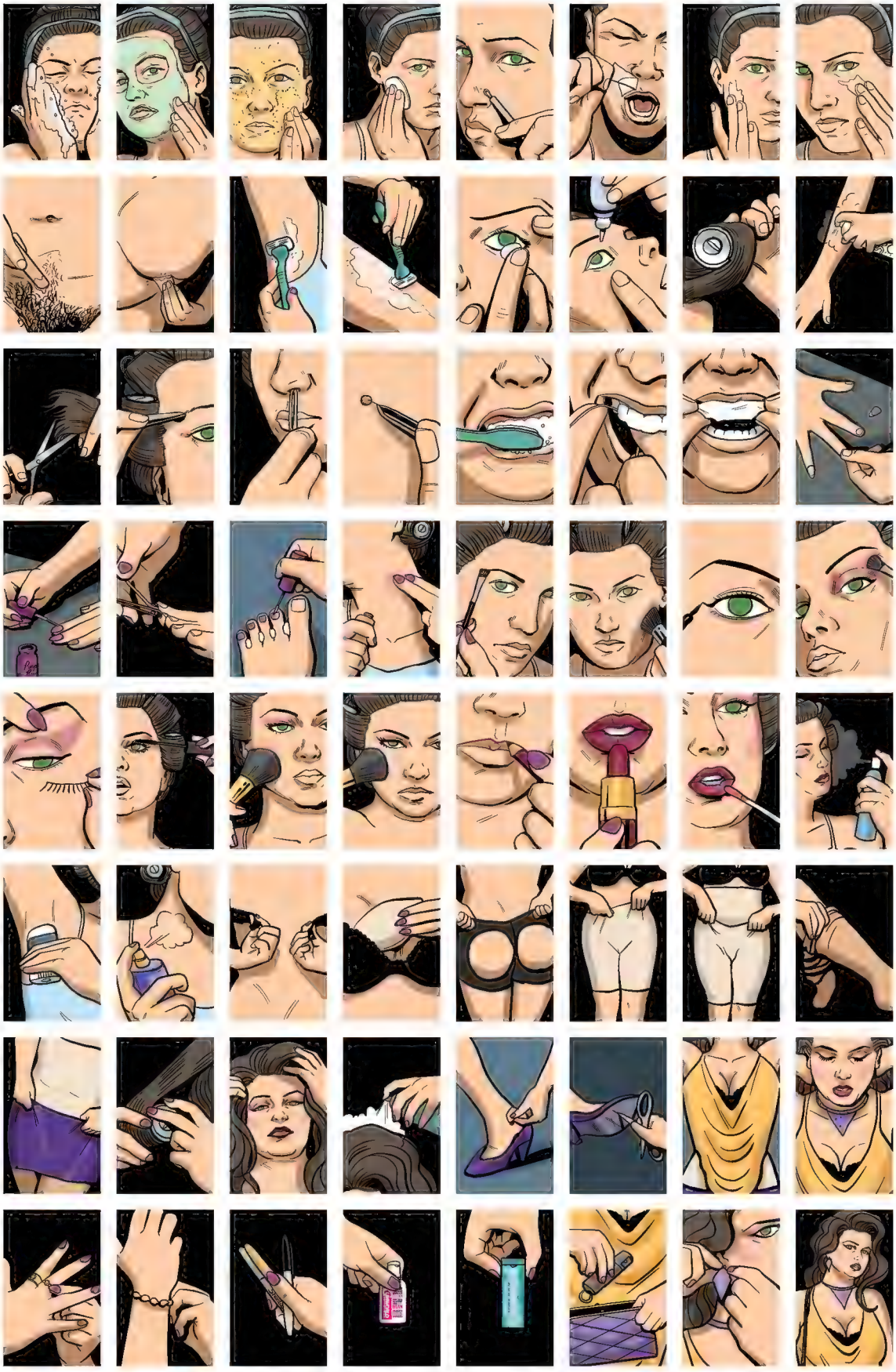
I, uh.
I got you something else.
To wear.
Is this okay?
HOT SUBSER TEENS #1
Yeah.
If you're into it, I'm into it.
...Got this for me, didja?
Well.
For us.
Whoa.
Is that okay?
Yeah, just, hoo boy.
For fuck's sake—
"Love" Makers
WAREHOUSE
DEEP THROAT RECORDS
Can I show you something?
Yeah, but if it's your boobs, I already seen 'em.

Oh, wait, did you vajazzle? Assjazzle?
Are there tiny rhinestones on your b-hole?
Not quite—
But, y'know.
Wow.
Right?
That's quite the collection you have there. This is your thing?
Well.
It's more Jon's thing.
That is a lot of things.
More like, like it's a lot of kind of the same thing?
Where's the line between "predilection" and "fetish"?
Maybe before your collection hits the four-figures cost point?
Oh shit.
Where's he getting the money for—
Ha ha.
Yeah. His job must pay really well.
I mean it's not like he's robbing banks or just stealing the—
Suze.
He couldn't be doing it again.
Could he?
You guys would tell me, right?

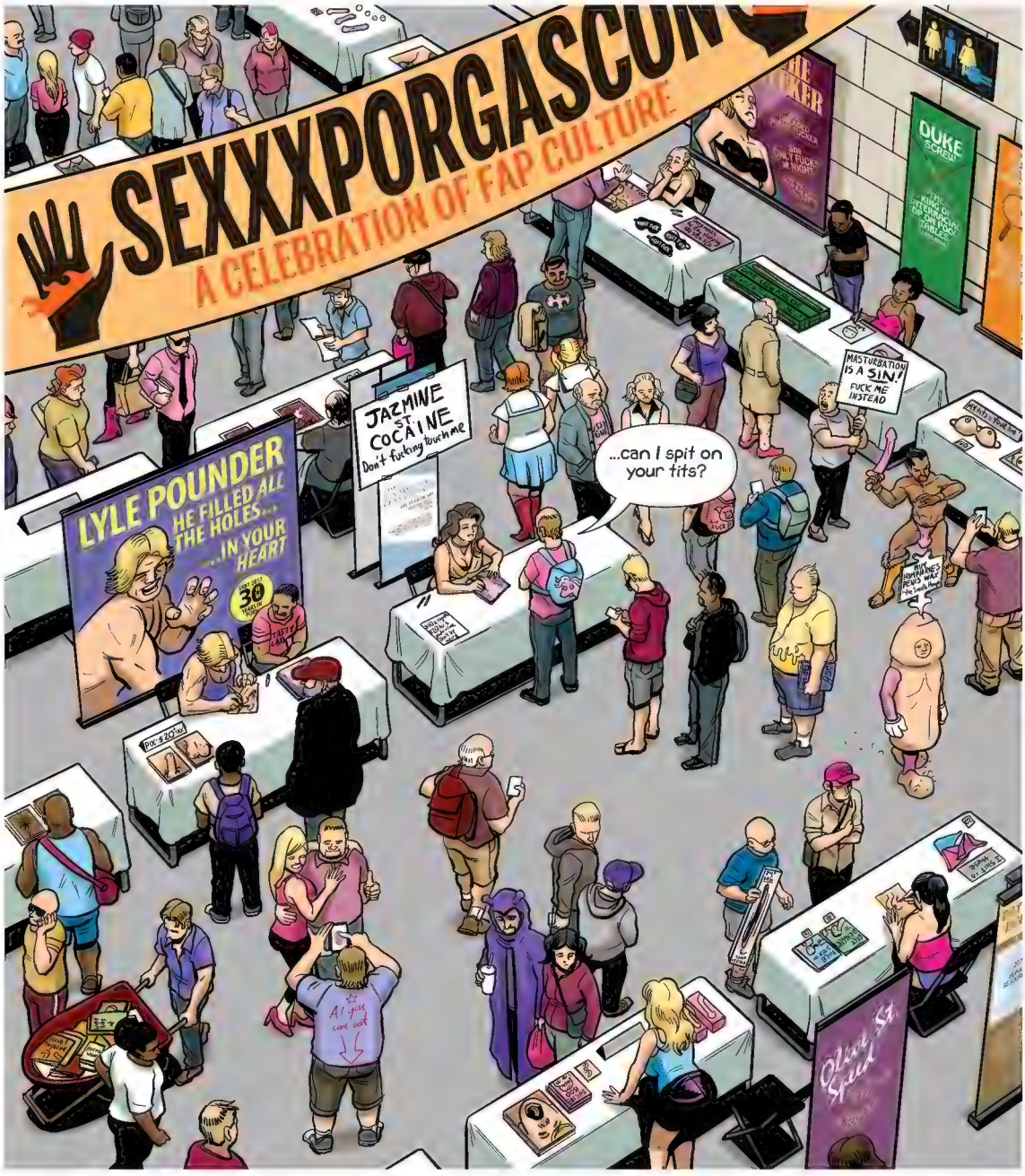

Shit.
I'm not his mom. I'm not a cop. But—
—but, goddamn, I have to ask about this, right?
Right?
It's fucked up, all the stuff that can come out of the bottom of an underwear drawer, huh?

Things always feel sad
I wish things would maybe change
But things never ever change
Please please please Oh please
I wish I wish I wish I wish
I wish things didn't feel so sad all the time
Don't think about her.
So sad So sad
I have never felt joy
Ever
What is it
What is joy
Why would I ever feel joy when things are so sad
Don't think—
Don't—
Feminism
—god dammit—
RACH STUFF
Oh it's raining, always raining here, there is always stress
Here in my town which is grey and economically depressed
I don't dream about anything but a small lukewarm cup of tea
With too much milk oh there is always too much milk for me—
—grown-ass man listening to—
—so embarrassing—

Such an
arrassment
the scene—
Nng.
Wit
nutm
right
WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME—
Hey, you.
Hey, uh.
Sorry it took so long for me to get all this stuff together.
Can I come in?



ME:
JNDAMEN
R EMERGENT?
DR. ANA KINCAID
FRITCHMURRAY
THEATER
4:00P
Join one of Cosmology and Ho
ing stars as she delves into the
Do you spell that with a G or a J, baby?
G.
And, uh...


SEXXXPORGASCON
A CELEBRATION OF FAP CULTURE
LYLE POUNDER
HE FILLED ALL THE HOLES...
...IN YOUR HEART
JAZMINE ST. COCAINE
Don't fucking touch me
...can I spit on your tits?
MASTURBATION IS A SIN!
FUCK ME INSTEAD
DUKE
SCREW!
All you can eat

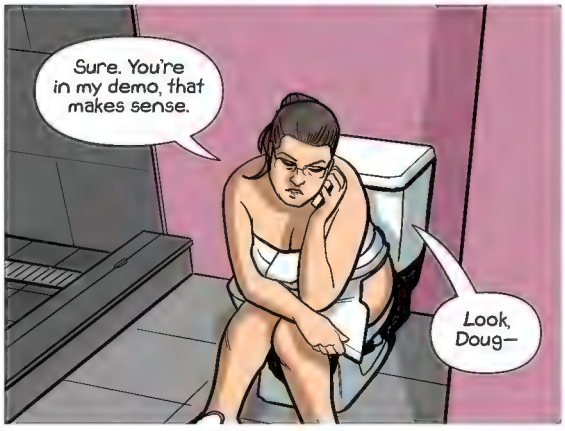
Are you fucking kidding me?
Oh, sure, I have sex all the time, sex is the best, guys just like you, blah blah.
Sex All The Time
AAAH goddamn GLITTER in my EYE
Everybody say "BIG TITTIES"!
hey hey HEY
Ugh, what is this, chicken?
I'M EATIN
Don't fucking looke
unclean unclean
JAZMINI
ST.
COCAIN
Don't fucking to
ST.
COCAIN
Don't fucking to
Fuck you, Gary.

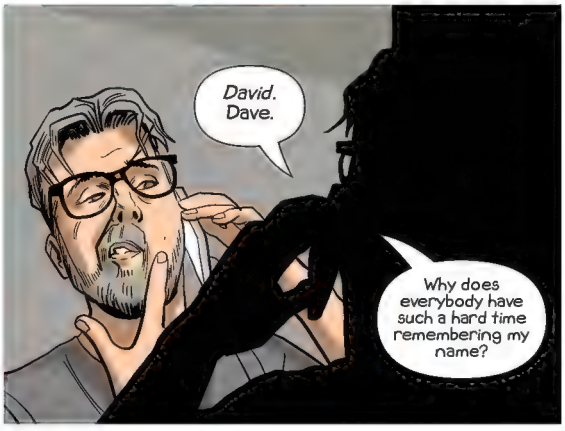
ST.
COCAIN
Don't fucking to
MENTA
RGEN
NA KINC
TCHMUR
THEA
4:0(
goddammit
Don't think about him.
Just stop for fuck's sake—
Did you really read my paper on interoceptive salience, or do you just want to fuck me because of the porn thing?
...
...Doctor Kincaid?

Yes.

Well?
Did you actually read my paper and did it actually change your practice, or am I just that chick from those pornos you used to watch?

I, uh.
I, well. I—
—I, I mean, I know *both* facets of your, uh, of your work—


Sure. You're in my demo, that makes sense.
Look, Doug—


David. Dave.
Why does everybody have such a hard time remembering my name?

Fine, that's on me. Look:
I spent the day in sparkly sausage casing getting breathed on and touched by Jazmine St. Cocaine fans.
I'd really like a drink and maybe dinner with someone who doesn't think about ejaculating on my face whenever I speak.

Anyway, I think that's everything...
Oh, no sweat. Like I said, anything I need I just—
Oh shit!
My *gettin'-some* panties!
Your... what?

Sure. There's *period* panties and *laundry-day* panties and *painting-a-garage* panties and then there's, y'know.
Hit this shit.
...Well, now you got 'em for tonight. Have fun.

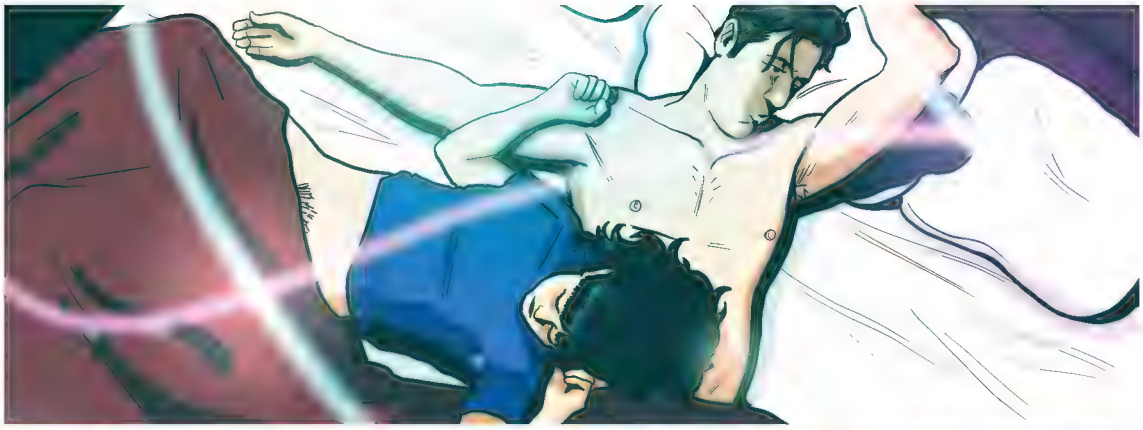
Wow.
...No, I—
—Y'know, if this was a soap opera, this might be the place where you get slapped.
...Yeah.

Get out.
Yeah.

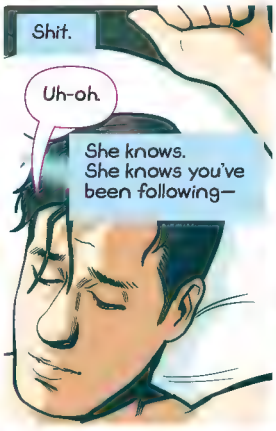
...
Rach—I'm sorry.

Mm.
I mean it. I—Rach, please, wait. I'm sorry, I'm sorry—
I was an asshole then. I was an asshole last week. I'm an asshole *now*.
Robert, you don't have to—
—I do, because I need you to know that I know. And then I can fuck off forever.
...I'm waiting.
I haven't done—you know this—sexually—I haven't done... shit. The first time we had sex...
Y'know.
From behind?
That was the first time I'd done that.
Huh. Wow. Okay.
And it's not... I don't care what you've done or haven't with who or when. I really don't. All day long I'm looking at vulvae and vaginas and cervices and hearing stories. It's not like I'm shy.
I mean, I am, like—
—I get it—
—Like knuckles-deep in it, all day—
—I get it—
—I'm timid, is what I'm saying.
The women I date are lousy for me and lousy to me, and I am for and to them.
I don't make myself feel pressure to be anything but timid, then I blame myself in advance for disappointing everyone.
For not being, like, the hypersexual black guy—
—which turns into resentment and jealousy, and then it's all over in three weeks.
So now I find someone wonderful and figure, shit, this is even worse, I better tank it before I inevitably disappoint her, sexually or otherwise, because that would be even worse, and either way, she bails.
Because if you're nice to me and I start to like it too much, I'll drive you away with gales of laughter because I'm boring, because I never did it...
Y'know.

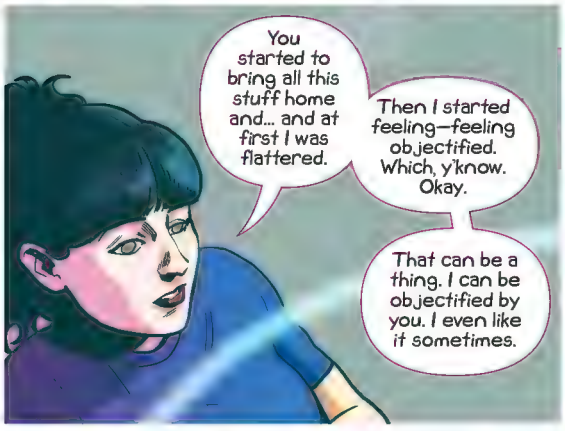
Doggy style.
Backwards.
Tomato, more ferarum.
I don't know what that means.
Bing it.
I don't know what that means either.
Rach, I...
...I thought about keeping your underwear, and, like, masturbating into them, then throwing them away and just never bringing it up?
I didn't!
But I thought about it for, like, half a second.
Why would you tell me that?
Because.
I'm timid.
And that would've been easier than saying I miss you, and I'm sorry, and I want you and I need you and I'm sorry.
Hey.
What?



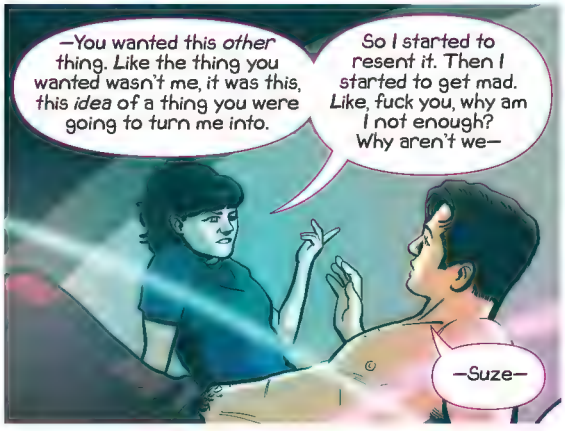
Hey.
Uh, can we talk?


Shit.
Uh-oh.
She knows. She knows you've been following—

No, yeah, it's—
I—


You started to bring all this stuff home and... and at first I was flattered.
Then I started feeling—feeling objectified. Which, y'know. Okay.
That can be a thing. I can be objectified by you. I even like it sometimes.

Then it became like... like you were trying to change me with all this stuff.
Like you didn't want to fuck me, you wanted—


—You wanted this *other* thing. Like the thing you wanted wasn't me, it was this, this *idea* of a thing you were going to turn me into.
So I started to resent it. Then I started to get mad. Like, fuck you, why am I not enough? Why aren't we—
—Suze—

—Hang on, hang on. I felt like... like I wasn't enough. I wasn't what you wanted anymore.
And then I started to think about the money involved.
Jon... you're not stealing all this stuff, are you?

She doesn't know.
I... what?
Wow, wow, no, okay, no. Okay: first off—
—I've paid for it all. Uh—sorry. I'll show you my statements if you—
Oh, god, no, no, Jon, I—I shouldn't be policing how you spend—
It's just, it's so much, and you haven't been working—
It's fine. I don't care.
Jon, you're spending a lot. And it's money we—you—don't really have.
I thought... Suze, I thought you were into it.
I thought you were—
I'm not trying to turn you into something you're not. I'm—
I'm sorry if it felt that way, Suzie. It was never my intention to—
—It, it, it's like...
Oh, god this is hard.
...Like it requires preparation. Planning, anticipation, whatever.
Effort.
It's like saying, you think I'm worth it. Worth planning, effort.
It's not the thing. It's the thought of the thing?
It's the thought of, "you want me." "You were thinking about me."
Like that *Cheap Trick* song—
"The Flame"?
What? No.
"I Want—"
Easy.
You start in with songs, and the next thing you know it's lyrics.
Then we have to wake up the lawyers.

Mm.
Yes. Like that Cheap Trick song, "The Flame."
"I want you to want... 'the flame.'"
"I need you to need... 'the... flame.'"
Did you know Audi used slave labor from German concentration camps to build their cars during the war?
The same Audi that used Queen's anthemic "We Are the Champions" in a commercial?
The very same! Thank god Freddie didn't live to see that most un-Queen-worthy use of their song.
You're all I want. And I like being wanted, is all.
Just promise you're done with all that other shit? The stealing, the bank, Kegelface—
What do you want?
Uh-huh!
Whew.
Okay.
I feel wanted. I just... I just don't want to feel... augmented. Can we take a break from all that?
Yeah, of course.
You piece of shit.
G'night, baby.
G'night.
Lying sack of SHIT—

MEANWHILE, LAST ISSUE ISSUE:
—AAA GET THEM OFF GET THEM—
What the FUCK—
AME
why you follow me
why
why you follow
why you follow me

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TIPS ON HOW TO START TRULY ENJOYING THE TASTE OF JIZZ TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED. ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

Y'KNOW CHUMMERS, LAST YEAR CHIP AND I WENT TO A COMIC CONVENTION IN LUCCA, ITALY, AND WHILE A LOT OF WONDERFUL, MAGICAL, CARB-LOADED STORIES HAPPENED, I THINK BACK MOST FREQUENTLY ON THE SIGHT OF IVAN BRANDON AND NIC KLEIN, THERE SIGNING THE FIRST ITALIAN EDITION OF *DRIFTER,* SITTING AT THEIR TABLE GIGGLING TO ONE ANOTHER AS THEY WORE A RED 'MARIO' HAT AND A GREEN 'LUIGI' HAT, RESPECTIVELY. I DON'T THINK ABOUT LUCCA ITSELF, OR TUSCANY AT ALL, OR THE SERCHIO, SAN MICHELE, THE BASILICA OF SAN FREDIANO, THE LUCCA CATHEDRAL, PUCCINI'S BIRTHPLACE, OR THE RENAISSANCE-ERA RAMPARTS THAT STILL ROUND THE CITY'S CENTER -- I THINK ABOUT THE TWO OF THEM AND THOSE GODDAMN HATS AND I RAGE BECAUSE THEY GOT THERE FIRST AND IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME AND CHIP IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN US NOT YOU IVAN WE SHOULD'VE HAD THE HAT JOKE GODDAMMIT GODDAMN YOU IVAN YOU SON OF A BITCH I'M GONNA STAB YOU IN YOUR SLEEP

LET'S GET ON TO THE LETTERS, SHALL WE?

•

I'm 26 years old and I'm still a virgin. I'm not an ugly dude, prudish, shy or anything, I've met some people who would probably be interested in me but I didn't have any sort of feelings for them sexually. I've been attracted before so I know its not that I can't be attracted but its just starting to get a bit upsetting to say the least.

It's starting to feel more and more like being in a bubble and just not being able to pop it at all. Not being able to have met anyone that has caused that "spark" of attraction in probably a few years isn't helpful either. The older I get, the more of a freak I start feeling considering that literally all of my other friends aren't and its not like this is something you can broach without being mercilessly joked on about. I have great friends but this is the primo sort of stuff that can cause some really fucked up funny comedy. Trying to avoid that happening. I have provided them with enough ammo for the time being.

With all that said, any suggestions about actually getting to know some new people when you're stuck in an area that is lacking in single women? And being able to find anyone on those POF type apps? If you don't have any, I completely understand. I'll still buy the single issues and collections of issues regardless.

I fucking love this book and, next to watching Doctor Who, is one of my all time favorite ways to spend some alone time (besides the usual self-love of course). Keep up the dick doodles and booby bonanzas because laughing does help a lot.

Grimp K.

HEY, LISTEN, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH? IF THEY MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE SHIT BECAUSE OF IT, THEY'RE NOT REALLY GREAT FRIENDS.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO NEW ENGLAND, NEVER DRIVEN A MOTORCYCLE, NEVER READ *LES MISERABLES,* AND I'VE NEVER SEEN *GONE WITH THE WIND.* I DON'T THINK I'M A FREAK FOR THE LACK OF THOSE THINGS IN MY LIFE; THEY JUST HAVEN'T HAPPENED. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A FREAK EITHER—I THINK YOU'RE MAYBE LONELY.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH? I'M A GUY WHAT MET ON THE INTERNET THE LADY HE MARRIED, IN A DARK AND DUSTY TIME BEFORE YOU COULD UBER A SEX TO YOUR DOOR, LET ALONE GO ON A DATE. IT WAS A COMIC BOOK FORUM, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, RUN BY WARREN ELLIS, FIFTEEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO. WE JUST STARTED TALKING.

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE PEOPLE, IS WHAT I THINK I'M SAYING, NO MATTER HOW YOU MEET. TRY AN APP, TRY A WEBSITE, GO WHERE PEOPLE DIG THE STUFF YOU DIG, AND START BY MEETING OTHER HUMANS. NOBODY GETS LAID OTHERWISE, Y'KNOW?

You know what ELSE Matt hasn't done? Wear a Mario hat in Italy. -CZ

•

...I popped the Brimping cherry on a major fanfiction website because my friend dared me to write it. And I still cannot believe people have read and liked that fic because I overcompensated on dirty talk to make up for the fact I was writing Brimping. I'm not gonna say what fandom it was, but I promise it was not Sex Crimz fic. (...)

Ash L.

WAS IT *QUANTUM LEAP?*

•

I've never written to a comic book before, and - full disclosure - I'm partially doing this to freak out my partner Alex, who reads every single printed thing between covers and will wonder and wonder if this is me and I will never tell. (...)

Fitz P.

WOW STUMPER!

•

This book has been all kinds of amazing. Like, heartbreakingly devastating one page, and then really vulgar and sweet, then really funny but still vulgarly heartbreakingly sweet. So glad it's monthly again!

SEX TIP *Remember there's no "I" in "TEAM" except for when I fucked the regional bowling champions, "Spare Naked"*

I also used Big Hard Sex Criminals as a text while writing my thesis on the importance of narratives. Which meant I got to use the phrase "time-stopping orgasms" multiple times in my paper (and during the colloquium discussing it). I also got to write a sentence about Sex Crims in relation to Jesus' parables: "Where Jesus uses the narrative of a father and son to explore forgiveness, Fraction and Zdarsky use their setting for a hard look at sex and everything that comes with it." I'm very proud of this and thought you would like to know.

Josh T.

DID YOU FAIL?

•

... Anyway, I'm getting married in a week and was wondering if you all had any advice for a happy and healthy marriage.

Also, seeing as pitchers and catchers reported this week, do you all have any early picks for the World Series this year? I'd love to see the Nats make it out of the first round of the playoffs at least. I think Dusty Baker has been good for the team so far.

Carrie W

Y'KNOW, IT'S REALLY THE SAME ADVICE I'D GIVE TO SOMEONE LOOKING TO HAVE ANAL SEX THE FIRST TIME: IT NEEDS A LOT OF COMMUNICATION, DESIRE, OPENNESS, PATIENCE, COMPASSION, TENDERNESS, ADVENTURE, SHARING, HYGIENE, LUBE, GOOD LIGHTING, AND MAYBE START WITH A BUTT PLUG.

I LOOK FORWARD, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, TO WATCHING THE CHICAGO CUBS COMPETE TO BUILD A GODDAMN DYNASTY.

Learn about my "happy and healthy marriage" in SPLIT: TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE END OF MARRIAGE and what happens next at fictionandfeeling.com Cheers. -CZ

•

Thank you SO much for SexyCrims #16. It absolutely exceeded my expectations (and they were high, I promise!) by giving us the sweetest, cutest, most playful, most romantic moments with Suze and John yet. The pages with them tentatively figuring out how to make goals together--and then making love all over the apartment--NEED to find their way into the television adaptation. I've not yet convinced my wife of the merits of this particular comic, but this issue just might win her over. How can you not root for these two?

As for Dr. Kincaid, please tell me that she'll be fighting her 'administrative leave.' The process for firing a tenured Professor is incredibly involved, and they absolutely cannot just shoo her away because of her prior sex work. In fact, the administration is probably hoping she'll just quit in shame, because I seriously doubt that they can pull off a case against her on the grounds that she made (legal, right?) fuck movies. She has academic rights!

Craig B.

PS. Chip! you draw the best faces in all of comics.

I LOVE THE IDEA OF DR. K GETTING SHITCANNED BEING THE PLACE WHERE OUR BOOK LOSES YOU FOR BEING TOO UNBELIEVABLE.

ALSO, I WOULD BET YOU CASH MONEY THAT WHEN A UNIVERSITY WANTS TO GET RID OF A TENURED PROFESSOR THAT HAPPENS TO BE A WOMAN, IT'S A REMARKABLY EASY THING FOR THEM TO DO. I BET THEY WOULDN'T EVEN LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT.

Thank you, Craig. My real strength is in drawing losing-tenure faces. -CZ

•

(pic below)

Daphne & Knibbs
@daphne_mir and @jb_knibbs

WAIT WHY ARE THEY WEARING THEIR HATS IN THE TUB

•

...) Ages ago we were talking about porn in the woods stories in the letters, so here's the closest to one I have: when I was about 14 my

SEX TIP *Remember to eat lots of fruit and celery to make your ejaculate taste better when you cum in that fruit & celery smoothie*

---

parents were given someone's old collection of encyclopaedias, and I being a geek, claimed them. When sorting through them, a DVD with pictures of scantily clad women and a suggestive title fell out, which if I had been older and realised I liked chicks I may have held onto a little longer. I handed it to my parents and returned to my encyclopaedias, slowly growing more uncomfortable at the mysterious white stains that covered half of them. I decided I no longer wanted the encyclopaedias...

Sam H.

I HAVE SO MANY GODDAMN QUESTIONS.

Hey Sam, I think those mysterious white stains were cum. Look up "cum" in an encyclopedia and see if I'm right. -CZ

•

You printed my letter in #16! It had been so long since I'd written it that I completely forgot that I had. I must say thank you. First, for printing it and calling me out on my shitty choice of language. Second, for understanding and expressing the depth of what I (at the time) had no understanding of--Toxic Masculinity. My life has been a WHIRLWIND between issues 15 and 16, and I learned some crazy life lessons (thanks to some bizarre experiences, a few terrific women in my personal life, and another great comic called *Bitch Planet* written by a woman who is talented and wise beyond belief, and who inspired me so much that my first tattoo is the Non-Compliant logo from said book), and had to admit some hard truths to myself about my sexual history. Namely, that it's possible for a man to be raped, and that I had been.
I didn't have any concept of that, and it felt weird saying it, and I'm sure that played into why I wrote about it with such strange language as "the girl who convinced me to lay her" (I cringe when I read that sentence, knowing that I did, in fact, write it), and why I was writing into a comic book trying to express a feeling that I had that I didn't understand, while also disguising it as a joke. "Ha, see, I have a funny sex story!" But you saw right through that shit. It's an important message. You may not even remember this since you had 16 done for like almost a year before it finally came (ha) out.

Anyway, thank you. It's crazy to have been on this journey learning about my sexuality, and it's great to have had this book, this weird, beautiful, sexy little book, be a part of it.

Justin S.

WOW, JUSTIN.

THANKS FOR WRITING IN AGAIN. AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE PROGRESS YOU'VE MADE ON WHAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN EASY JOURNEY. WE SHOULD TAKE A YEAR AND A HALF OFF MORE OFTEN.

•

I am writing you for precisely two reasons. The first reason is because this comic is wIcKeD cOoL and basically changed the way I think about sexuality. Kudos to that, my dudes.

The second reason is because a friend from my book club recently had her letter printed in the back of a comic, a pretty lame comic that is intended to be read by middle schoolers. This is my attempt to one-up her, by potentially having MY letter printed in a way cooler, sexually explicit comic book. Make a nerd's dreams come true, please.

In conclusion- I love this book but I love one-upping people even more.

Java C.

SO WHAT BOOK ARE YOU GONNA WRITE INTO? IT'LL MAKE 'EM SO JEALOUS!!!!!!!!!!

•

Love the comic. A platonic friend got me into it. I loved it and got my husband and my friend-with-benefits into it. No real story there other than that I want to see if they can all work out who they are because they're all awesome dudes. Keep up the big thick issues that are so satisfying.

Friend number 1 (platonic male friend) does not know about the whole multiple-sexual partners thing. I'm kind of nervous to come out to him and his lovely partner. They're awesome people and I think they'll understand that its a consensual non-monogamous relationship between adults you respect and understand each other's needs but...? If you want to also promote polyamory at some point in your comic that wouldn't hurt.

K.C.

ps - Add The Breakfast Club to the list, it was fantastic. The film wasn't bad either. And Fantastic Beasts if a little over the pants action counts.

AN OVER-THE-PANTS HANDY IS NOW TO BE REFERRED TO AS "GETTING SCAMANDERED/ GETTING A SCAMANDER." OR MAYBE IT CAN BE A "COLIN FARRELL FASCIST HAIRCUT." WE'LL WORKSHOP IT.

AND AND! AND POLY IS COMING. IT'S TAKEN US TIME TO GET THERE, BUT IT'S COMING VERY SOON IN A WAY I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT (ME + CHIP + IVAN BRANDON + NIC KLEIN + A MARIO HAT) AND I'M REALLY LOVING GETTING TO WRITE IT. IT'S AS EXPANSIVE A NOTION TO THE BOOK AS THE INTRODUCTION OF ALIX WAS, I THINK. AT LEAST IT FEELS SIMILAR, IN THE WRITING.

ONE OF THE MORE

SEX TIP *Making a sex tape and sending it to Chip can really bring you and your partner closer together*

MEMORABLE BITS OF THE BOOK HAPPENED BECAUSE OF WANTING TO, AND NEEDING TO, GET TO POLYAMORY IN OUR PAGES, BUT I'LL TELL THAT STORY IN ANOTHER LETTER COLUMN.

OR NOT I MIGHT BE DEAD YOU DON'T KNOW ME

•

(T)he story of the time I received an awkward handjob during a vhs viewing of *Space Jam* in a college communal space. It started with a quiet girl named Alicia to my right reaching over. The whole toxic masculinity thing meant saying no wasn't an option. Then my friend Gary to my left thought that would be the ideal time to dramatically reveal his homosexuality by not so subtly reaching under the blanket and having an arm wrestling match of sorts with Alicia, with my genitalia as the referee, or steel chair tossed into the ring.

We all should've been bootstrapped with plentiful education on communication, consent, navigating MMF pairings. But it was the dark ages where internet pornography came in stamp sized blurry 10 second clips. So instead I had minor dick bruises, an awkward semester socially, and a continued complete inability to be aroused by animation or michael jordan dunks.

Sexual Gary always brings that memory up for me, so thanks.

3. the third time i intentionally orgasmed it shot into my own mouth. and i thought that would doom me to vice, homosexuality, sin, and uncontrollable urges. except the urges never came very often.

4. my first sexual encounter with another human was at 18. an older woman drugged me and forced me to perform oral sex for hours. it went okay, but also not..

shortly thereafter was when i really noticed my fordyce spots. my middle school sex education - everything is a STD that looks vaguely of cauliflower - led me to believe i had some super herpgohnnasyphIIAIDS.

Many vast pre-obamacore medical bills and embarrassing questionnaires/incredulous stares about the impossibility male rape later, it wasn't any disease. but i was not told the phrase FORDYCE SPOT either. That came years later.

Our old knockaround pal wikipedia uses the following "small, painless, raised, pale, red or white spots or bumps 1 to 3 mm in diameter that may appear on the scrotum, shaft of the penis or on the labia." It also has close up photos of a penis and a vulva, if that is your thing. The future is swell.

In spreading the good gospel, I have found that much like the quiet/cumworld nomenclature, people have given them nicknames - Junkbumps, Lumpy Dumpties, Dax, Lovely Lady Lumps, etc. etc.

I have not talked about any of this to anyone ever so feel free to publish any or all in the backpages of your picture book.

Gogo J.

THERE IS A LOT TO UNPACK HERE, BUT LET ME START WITH THIS:

DO YOU GET A LITTLE HALF-CHUBBER ANY TIME SOMEONE TELLS YOU TO "GO TO THE HOLE AND DOMINATE?"

•

So, um, I'm just writing to say that I love and appreciate you two.

That's all, I'm just being really nice and supportive.

Hope you have a lovely day,

Alicja

THIS WAS A NICE LETTER.

•

(...) I met my boyfriend. My boyfriend who I became super duper serious with. Like, potential marriage serious. This is great, right? I got over all my issues and worked through all my shit in the past and found someone who loves me!

His last name is Ecock.

Ecock. Pronounced exactly as it's spelled. E. Cock. There's no way around it. I'm going to have to raise a child whose iPhone will probably autocorrect their own name to just "cock" (speaking from real life experience, here.) There is no safe way this child will grow up with a normal life, so I think when I finally have children I'm just going to feed them SexCrims out of the womb and hope they grow up decently.

So, there you go. There's no fun story about my orgasm, there's no amazing sex story, there's not even a story about how I came out as bisexual and am thankful to SexCrims for making me feel confident about myself. There's just the admission that I will probably be stuck with the name "cock" for the rest of my life, but maybe it's fate considering that this comic about dicks changed my life.

Love and brimp,
Andrea T.

P.S. - About the sex, though -- safe fun sex is GREAT. Also, Amazon is great.

ANDREA IS ONE OF THE TWIN DYNAMOS BEHIND THE BRIMPFORUM MEET-UPS THAT HAPPEN AT VARIOUS COMIC 'CONS' AROUND THE COUNTRY ALONGSIDE BRI, PRONOUNCED LIKE THE CHEESE, AND OUR LIVES—MINE AND CHIP'S—ARE BETTER FOR IT, AND FOR THEM, BEING A PART OF IT ALL.

SEX TIP *Put a toe in your lover's bum I don't know I've never even heard of sex tbh*

I'M HESITANT TO RUN YOUR LAST NAME, SO LET ME SIMPLY INSIST THAT ALL OF OUR READERS TRUST ME, AND JOIN ME IN INSISTING, THAT YOU, ANDREA, HYPHENATE YOUR MARRIED NAME.

I HAVE A FRIEND WITH THE LAST NAME "COX" WHO JUDGES ALL OF HER POTENTIAL RELATIONSHIPS BY QUALITY-OF-MARRIED-NAME HYPHENABILITY, AND SHE IS SIMMERING WITH RAGE THAT SHE WILL NOT GET TO BE MRS. COX-ECOCKS.

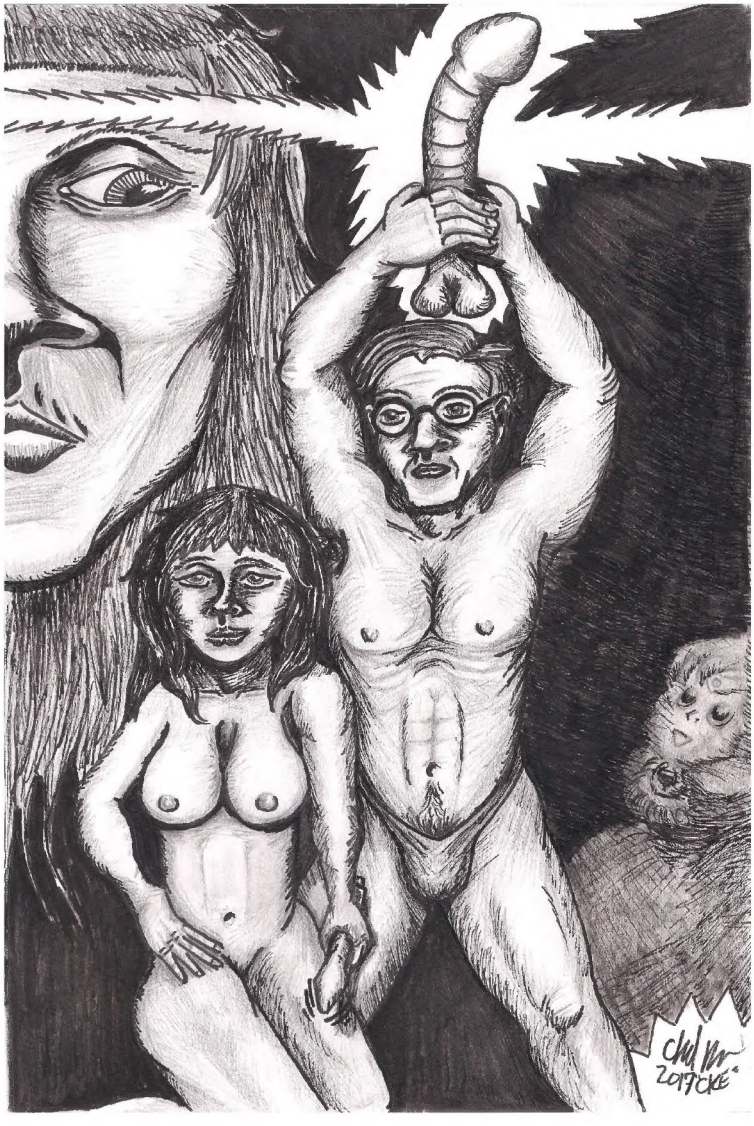
•

I just wanted to thank you for making such a fantastic book. I am always excited for it every month, so I decided to draw this picture for you guys as a gesture of my gratitude.

Chad K

AMAZING. THANK YOU.

Dewey is based on my little brother, so I can't wait to show him his first fan art of him cumming! -CZ



•

ALRIGHT FUCKOS, THAT'S ABOUT THAT FOR THIS MONTH. NEXT MONTH COMES MY SINGLE-GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT AS A WRITER, THE BEST COVER OF ALL TIME, AND AN ANDREW WYETH REFERENCE SO GREAT YOU'LL TEAR UP YOUR OLD *PREACHERS* AND GO DONATE PLASMA FOR JESUS. PROBABLY, I DON'T KNOW.

PLEASE REMEMBER WE ARE ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THESE SWEET BABIES IN THE CRIMBO MAILBAG:

1) PICTURES OF YOUR MOM READING *SEX CRIMINALS*

2) PICTURES OF YOUR MOM READING *SAGA* AND HOLDING IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT CHIP CAN PHOTOSHOP A COVER FROM *SEX CRIMINALS* ONTO IT

3) STORIES ABOUT FINDING PORN

4) INAPPROPRIATE MOVIES TO HAVE ON DURING SEX-HAVING

5) POTPOURRI

NEXT TIME!
WIDE. WIENER.

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

IMAGECOMICS.COM

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HOT PICS OF UR MOM & DAD IN HERE